

of two, three, or five miles, your wagons can return to Tipton for what is needed.

Respectfully your obedient servant,  
J. H. KATON, A. A. G.  
Major-General D. HUNTER, Commanding 1st Division, Tipton, Missouri.

EXCERPT No. 12.

**DISPOSITION FOR RETAKING SPRINGFIELD.**  
Springfield, the strategic point of that wide elevation which separates the waters of the Osage from those of the Arkansas River, is the key to the whole western part of Missouri, commanding an area of nearly 60,000 square miles.

Around it is clustered a true and loyal population, large numbers of whom, driven from their homes and firesides, and burning with a desire to revenge their sufferings and recapture their homes, are eagerly awaiting an opportunity to join an advancing army.

Not only, therefore, military strategy, but a wise and humane policy, demands the reconquest of that place.

To effect this in the shortest and speediest way, a combined movement of our troops should be made from Rolla and Jefferson City.

The column from the latter place moving first will cross, after two days' marching, the Osage River at Tusculum. To prevent delay in crossing, engineers, ropes, pulleys, and other portable necessities for the construction of raft-bridges, should be taken along from Jefferson City.

Upon an appointed day after the passage of the river has been accomplished, the column from Rolla will commence its march, and that place and Tusculum being each about one hundred miles from Springfield, in six days the two forces will be able to unite at their destination.

As the line of march converge upon their approach to Springfield, it will be practicable at Lebanon and Crow Plain (10 miles north of Buffalo) to open communication between the columns. Strong scouting parties will best effect this object, and each body will thus assist and support the other.

The Cole County Home Guards should occupy Tusculum, after the column from Rolla has been pushed to that place. A reserve should be left at Linb Creek to cover the rear provision train; while Warsaw, the most important point on the Osage, should be immediately occupied by the Home Guards of Johnson, Pettis and Benton Counties, re-enforced by a volunteer regiment and two pieces of artillery.

Rolla, Winneville, and Lebanon can be occupied upon the withdrawal of the other troops by regiments of the United States Reserve Corps from St. Louis, while Jefferson City can be placed in charge of an adequate force of Gen. Sigel's Brigade, now under reorganization.

To cooperate with this combined movement, Gen. Lane will be directed to march from Fort Scott, in Kansas, to Springfield by way of Lamar and Greenville, re-enforced if possible.

The successful execution of this plan puts us in possession of the entire south-western portion of this State, forces the enemy to retire into Arkansas, and enables us, immediately after the concentration at Springfield, to assume the offensive against that place.

The exhausted condition of the country through which our troops are to pass, renders necessary the most particular attention to the organization and perfection of the provision trains; the commencement of cool weather demands additional clothing for the men, and the sad experience of the past warns us to make every necessary preparation to meet their wants.

EXCERPT No. 14.

In camp at Nolin River and on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at various points:

Sixth Indiana, Col. Crittenden, Nolin.  
Twenty-ninth Indiana, Col. Miller, Nolin.  
Thirty-third Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Thirty-fifth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Thirty-sixth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Thirty-seventh Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Thirty-eighth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Thirty-ninth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-first Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-second Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-third Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-fourth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-fifth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-sixth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-seventh Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-eighth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Forty-ninth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fiftieth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-first Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-second Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-third Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-fourth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-fifth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-sixth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-seventh Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-eighth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Fifty-ninth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.  
Sixtieth Indiana, Col. Smith, Nolin.

At Camp Dick Robinson, or acting in conjunction with Gen. Thomas's command:

Four Tennessee Regiments, nearly full and nearly ready for service.  
Four Kentucky Regiments in same condition as Tennessee regiments.  
Four regimental cavalry.  
Fourth Ohio, Col. Steffen, Nicholasville.  
Tenth Kentucky, Col. Conner, Nicholasville.  
Twenty-third Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Twenty-fourth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Twenty-fifth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Twenty-sixth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Twenty-seventh Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Twenty-eighth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Twenty-ninth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-first Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-second Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-third Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-fourth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-fifth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-sixth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-seventh Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-eighth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Thirty-ninth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-first Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-second Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-third Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-fourth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-fifth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-sixth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-seventh Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-eighth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Forty-ninth Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.  
Fifty Indiana, Col. Conner, Camp Robinson.

FROM MISSOURI.

**The Fortifications of St. Louis—Ride from Syracuse to Warsaw—A Bearer of Dispatches Captured—Officers Quartered upon Secessionists—Progress of Fremont's Army—Whereabouts of Price.**

CAMP COLUMBIA, WARSAW, Mo., Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1861.  
Before leaving St. Louis on Saturday, I visited the fortifications around that city. They consist of ten forts and six field-works, commencing on the river at Bremen on the north end of the city, and extending in a semi-circular line around to the river near the arsenal on its southern borders, six miles from Bremen. Five of the forts, which Gen. Fremont deemed it important to have completed as early as possible, have been constructed by Mr. E. L. Beard, who has pushed them forward with great energy, employing nearly 6,000 men upon them, and continuing the work night and day without interruption.

The fortifications command the principal avenues leading into the city, and seem to be discriminatingly located, and have been constructed under the direction of the best engineering skill in the Western Department. At the time of Gen. Cameron's order that they should be discontinued, all the earth-work was completed except the sodding; and one or two of the gun-batteries remained to be finished. With these exceptions they were all ready for the guns, which are in St. Louis. The mounting of them would have cost but little, and occupied but a few days. If any disaster should result from the Secretary's order, the country should understand distinctly that the responsibility rests wholly with Gen. Cameron, who directed the works stopped just upon the eve of their completion, and by permitting publicity to be given to the fact, informed the rebels that the metropolis of the Mississippi valley was at their mercy. Gen. Fremont received the Secretary's letter on Friday—three days after its contents had been telegraphed to the Associated Press.

Arriving at Syracuse, I found that the advance divisions of the army under Gen. Asboth and Sigel were at this place, 47 miles to the south. As Gen. McKinstry desired to send dispatches to the commanding General, he furnished my correspondent and two fellow-journalists with an escort of a Sergeant and four men from the regular army, and we left Syracuse at noon on Sunday. The Sergeant, who has been fifteen years in the army, and is firmly persuaded that a soldier's life is a "jolly" one, has done good service since the beginning of the war in Missouri, and was in the hot of spirits at the prospect of a gallop across the country. He led us along at a merry pace, riding very easily and gracefully, with long looks flying in the prairie breeze. In believing good horsemanhood one of the indispensable accomplishments of a soldier he differed materially from an officer recently appointed from civil life, by President Lincoln, to a high position in the Western Department. That officer started to report to his commander, but only went to the end of the railroad, and then abruptly returned. Upon being asked the cause of his hasty departure, he made the ingenious but peculiar reply for a staff officer, "Why, I found that I should have to go on horseback!"

A ride of 15 miles brought us upon rich, rolling prairie, like those of Kansas, little settled as yet, but giving promise of great beauty, when the abundant herds of cattle shall be developed by the hand of man. We saw here and there, a solitary horseman galloping over the distant slopes, and at last

company of seven, who, after observing us with care at the distance of about a mile, drew themselves up in a line upon the brow of a hill, where the road passed between them and a high fence. The country is infested by roving bands of Rebels, and this looked very like one of their guerrilla parties. The Sergeant shook his flowing locks with delight at the prospect of what he termed a "lark," and his men drew and carefully examined their carbines; but the horsemen made no belittling demonstrations as we galloped up, and upon close inspection, they proved to be a party of unarmed Germans, who had suspected us of being Rebels.

At Cole Camp, a little German village on the northern border of this (Benton) County, we stopped for two hours at the tavern of a Secessionist landlord, while the Sergeant and his men went on to an adjacent corn-field where they took possession of feed for their horses in the name of the United States of America; and supped beside their camp-fire, from rations in their haversacks. Our Falstaffian landlord, though he has a son in the Rebel army, and is well known as a Secessionist, now claims to be an excellent Union man, and treated us with distinguished attention. He informed us that 50 years ago, two brothers named Jim and Sam Cole, camped upon the creek, six miles south to hunt bears, and that the creek and settlement had since been called Cole Camp, in remembrance of them; but upon being gravely asked which of them it was, he relapsed into a profound sleep, from which it took him several minutes to recover.

At Cole Camp we were joined by Col. John M. Richardson, of the Union State forces, formerly Secretary of State, who had just escaped from the hands of the Philistines. Starting from Linn Creek, in Camden County, with dispatches from Col. John B. Wynn, of the 13th Illinois, for Major-General Hunter, the colonel and his guide, while only four miles from Versailles, were captured by four mounted Rebels, their dispatches taken from them, and Col. Richardson dispatched as a prisoner, until he was exchanged. As our road had transpired only a short distance from our road, we began to entertain sentiments of the deepest gratification to ourselves, for accepting the escort.

A moonlight ride of three hours brought us over the remaining 30 miles, and at 10 p. m. we reached Warsaw, having accomplished 47 miles in ten hours. Our cosmopolitan sergeant (minus one of his men, who, in consequence of an insane attempt to drink whiskey for the whole party, had taken lodgings in the middle of the road, several miles back) quartered himself upon a hospitable corn-field; and after a two hours' search through the town, we found a house not occupied by soldiers, but owned by a passive Secessionist gentleman, who was exceedingly ready to furnish us with accommodations.

Warsaw is a strong Secessionist point (the county seat of Benton County, and containing the Land-Office for this district), which did contain a population of about 1,500; but nearly half the male inhabitants are in the Rebel army. Upon Gen. Fremont's arrival here, he directed his officers to quarter themselves upon the people, and they are now very comfortably housed in the best residences. At first the families were very much incensed at the idea of having an "Abolition society" living under their roofs; but with the universal facility of human nature for adapting itself to the inevitable, they now submit very gracefully. One of the most bitter and malignant families, by a beautiful working of the doctrine of compensations, is entertaining about a dozen German officers, who drink lager-beer industriously, smoke meerschaums uncessantly, and in the evening play the piano and sing unimpairedly!

We are sojourning with a lady who has a son in the Rebel army, and whose daughter—a young lady of education and some knowledge of the world—upon learning that one of our party was a "Black Republican," expressed the utmost wonder and surprise, and scrutinized him with great curiosity. It was the first time, she said, that she ever looked upon a Black Republican; and she seemed to consider him one of the seven wonders of the world.

The invincible Sigel, who is one of our very best officers, is about ten miles in advance, on the south side of the Osage, with his entire command. Gen. Asboth's division is here, while those of Generals Hunter, McKinstry and Pope are on the way from the railroad. A large amount of ammunition and other contraband goods, including thirty-nine kegs of powder, has been found in this vicinity. Price and his army, 25,000 strong, are at Stockton, Cedar Co., fifty miles south-west of us. The town was originally called Fremont, but after the campaign of '56 the name was changed to Stockton. The temporary bridge across the Osage here is completed; and as soon as the remaining divisions of the army come up we shall march southward.

**The Army Moving Forward—Departure of Gen. Fremont—Sigel Still Ahead—Another Capture by Lane—Arrival of Maj. White—Conversion of a Rebel Printing-Office.**

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

CAMP COLUMBIA, WARSAW, Mo., Wednesday, Oct. 23, 1861.

Gen. Fremont moved last evening, and is on his southward march, twelve miles from this place. The advance of Sigel's division is already thirty miles from here, and Gen. Asboth's command is now going forward, crossing the Osage here upon a temporary bridge, just erected under the supervision of Capt. Pike.

Owing to the scarcity of transportation, Gen. Fremont has left his trunk and mess chest behind, taking with him only a few indispensable articles, and thus affording a good example to the members of his staff and other officers. All the baggage is being cut down to the regulation allowance, and it may yet have to be reduced still lower. The two members of Congress on the staff, Owen Lovejoy of Illinois and Mr. Shanks of the Fifth Ohio District, frank hundreds of letters daily for the soldiers, and no missives are detained for lack of postage. Major William Dorchester is the Postal Director of the command. Letters designed for this army should be designated the regiment and company, and be addressed, "With Gen. Fremont's army in the field, via St. Louis," and packages should be superscribed in the same manner in care of the United States Express Company, which will run a line to the army, as it progresses, from the nearest railway station.

Gen. Lane of Kansas, with a portion of his brigade, is at Osceola, on the Osage, 30 miles to the south-west of us. On Saturday he captured Lieut. Vaughan and Capt. Whitney of the rebel army, with all their men, baggage, horses and stores. Lane, like Sigel, is a live man, and also, like Sigel, has a marvelous faculty of getting his men along rapidly, and turning up in all sorts of unexpected places, to the great annoyance and discomfiture of the enemy. His name, from the associations of the old border troubles connected with it, is a terror to all Western Missouri, and his peculiar talents bid fair to prove valuable in the present campaign. The reports that his men have been needlessly devastating the country, and indiscriminately plundering the people, are doubtless fabrications, or resting upon a very slight foundation of truth.

Major Frank J. White of the 1st Missouri Scouts has just arrived here from Lexington. After a forced march of sixty miles, on a rainy night, he entered that city, drove out five hundred Rebels who occupied it, released Cols. White and Grover, and our other prisoners, and sent our wounded, who were remaining there, down to St. Louis. He had only a hundred and seventy men, and when the Rebels rallied and surrounded him, he succeeded

in again forcing his way through their line without loss, and after a rapid march across the country, reached this command.

The South-west Democrat of this place was a very bitter Secessionist sheet, published by Messrs. Murray & Leach. Mr. Murray (not Lindley) was never known in this section) died some months since, and Mr. Leach, while at the head of a rebel company, was killed at Cole Camp, in June last. Two years ago, both Murray and Leach were members of the Missouri Legislature, and pressed a resolution in that body for the expulsion of Mr. Joseph McCulloch, a young man reporting for *The St. Louis Democrat*, on account of the political sentiments of that journal. Now that they are both dead, Lieut. McCulloch, who is Superintendent of Printing, with this command, is in possession of their office, where all the orders of the commanding General are printed for circulation. Among the composers from one of the Ohio regiments at work there, a few nights ago, I found an old acquaintance, formerly a merchant in Cincinnati, now serving in the ranks. This printing-office will be taken along with the army.

The telegraph will give you later advice of the whereabouts of the enemy than this letter. The last reports of our scouts are that McCulloch, with 15,000 men, has effected a junction with Price, who has about 23,000 effective men; and that their combined army is in the vicinity of Carthage, Jasper County, and threatens to give us battle.

[By Telegraph.]

CAMP MORRISTOWN, Thirty-Four Miles South of Warsaw, Mo., Oct. 23, 1861.  
The correspondents of the St. Louis papers say that Gen. Lane captured a transportation train of the enemy near Butler, in Bates county, and took the escort prisoners. Among the latter were Capt. Whiting and Lieut. Vaughan.

Gen. Lane also reports that he found a large number of sick and wounded rebels at Rose Hill, Johnson county, in a starving condition, to whose wants he administered.

Nine contrabands arrived in camp a day or two ago, sent here by one of Gen. Lane's officers. Their case has been investigated, and it is understood that Gen. Fremont will return them to their masters.

Gen. Lane also captured a large amount of lead in one of the western counties, and sent it to Fort Scott, Kansas.

I have just been informed of another infamous outrage. Two brothers, Irishmen, unmarried and named Blanford, owned a farm and a steam saw-mill beyond Charlestown, Mo., something over twenty miles from this place. They were out with their dogs a few nights since, hunting racoon in their corn, and having driven their prey up a tree, were preparing to shoot it, when a party of Rebels stealing upon them, shot them both. One died immediately, the other, shot through the shoulder-blades and chest, may recover. No supposable cause for such a cowardly act can exist, except their being strong Union men. Such deeds are done by scores every day on either side of us. The annals of savage warfare, only, show us acts similar in atrocity—but in no age, savage or civilized, have men engaged in war with such shallow pretences; shallow in this, that they protested, both in Missouri and Kentucky, against fighting sister States, and now they have turned round and are fighting against their own State, and making desolate the places of their birth! Wicked men and wicked nations have flourished for a time, but their end—their dreadful end—has been one of infamy and ruin.

FROM CAIRO.

**A Contraband and a Union Widow—What the Soldiers themselves think—A Sad Story—John A. Logan's Regiment—Soldiers of Frisky Nights—More Cowardly Murders.**

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CAMP CAIRO, Oct. 26, 1861.

A "contraband" came into Camp Holt, on the Kentucky shore, last night under the following circumstances: It seems that the slaveholders, both of Kentucky and Missouri, are rapidly disposing of their negroes to Southern traders, and any one sees that if this practice is long continued there will be little cause for difficulty in these States. This negro, learning that he was sold, and that this morning he was to start for "Alabama," by the directions of a friend, came to the camp-fires of our teamsters, and, on being hailed, said he was a Union man, when they took him in. The friend referred to is a widow woman living in Blandville, 20 miles distant, who, on account of her principles, has suffered all sorts of insults, and has been repeatedly robbed, and is now about to be driven from her home, where she has long lived comfortably, but, with a defiant spirit, she conferred secretly with this negro, and he secured her escape. Up to this date, however, I do not know how many—have come to our several camps. There has been no settled policy pursued concerning them. In many cases they have been given up to their masters, though well known to be Secessionists, while, in other cases, if the slaves were young and smart, the soldiers or officers kept them for their own use, but after a while they disappeared, I cannot tell whether, if ever there was a Gordian knot which the wit of man was bid to untie, this, concerning the whole question of Slavery, is one. When one puzzles himself about it he recalls to his mind the picture of the chariot and the uplifted sword.

I have taken pains to talk to many soldiers on this subject, and as it is a vital point, I will briefly state what they give me as their sentiments. And I find their expressions uniform, no matter whether they voted for Lincoln, Douglas, Bell, or even Breckinridge. They say they do not want the negroes liberated among us. On this point they are emphatic and warm, and they add, "Let them stay where they are." Of course the reply is that no one North opposes this arrangement, and the real question is, "What will you soldiers do, rather than see the Government broken up?" They say, without considering the difficulties, "The negroes ought to be carried out of the country," and add, "America is for white men, and not for negroes." By such replies, it is seen that their minds are not yet settled upon any solution, and they must be asked the question again. At last—and they are no more backward, I believe, than well-informed men—they come out and say that this Government is worth more than all the negroes that ever did or ever will live.

Yesterday I conversed with a native-born Kentuckian, who told me his sad story. He had lived several years in Indiana, was a mechanic, came to Cairo four or five years ago, and two years since went out on the Fulton and Cairo Railroad, Mo., eighteen miles from Bird's Point, built a steam saw-mill, and started the town of Blandville, indeed, built most of the houses there, and it is, or was, a thriving little place. When the troubles commenced he was threatened by the rebels, still he planted corn largely, determined to keep business going, but upon the issue of the proclamation of Pillow—ungrateful traitor! he was obliged to leave, and when they came into the house, by the front door, to seize him, he escaped by the back door, not daring to take his dogs along with him, for fear of being caught with them, but left them with his wife, and he directed her to bring her children and what goods his teams could haul, to the river. He did not tell how they escaped, but escape they did with nothing but their clothes on their backs, and they went into an empty room in Cairo, having, of all their possessions, only a single half dollar. To this day he has not dared to return, and all is lost. By borrowing, and by credit, he got together a few housekeeping articles, and he supports himself by doing odd jobs in his line of work, but mostly by peddling vegetables to the soldiers. He offered to enlist for a soldier, but, owing to a slight bodily defect, he was not received. Still, he declares that whenever our troops meet the rebels in battle he is going to seek the thickest of the fight. Evidently, he is one of those who help Time

"To make all things even."

Last evening I attended the dress-parade of John A. Logan's regiment. Almost everybody knows that John is the darling of Southern Illinois, and though he is the youngest member in Congress, he has been twice elected. The gun was setting in, unclouded splendor as I came to his tent, where he and his family were the rest of his men, and he never sleeps out of camp. In his fatigues dress I scarcely recognized him, and while his soldiers were coming forth we had a little chat on the past and present. Only about half of his men were mustered, because Government has not yet supplied them with arms, of which he makes complaint, and he is obliged to drill them alternately. It is scarcely two months

that they have been in camp, and yet the order to "which he has brought them is remarkable, for none of his officers except his lieutenant had ever seen service. While they were going through their exercises, and displayed that important military requisite, order, I reflected how order has been declined, and how much Swedenborg speaks of it. As Col. Logan stood before his regiment, I could not but remember some of his speeches in Congress—how he attacked the Republican party, and defended Douglas. For some time he stood perfectly still, while the band played several airs—all at once it struck up Yankee Doodle, then I saw his foot beat time, and I knew him to be a patriot—ambitions to sustain the power and fame of our Government. John descended of Irish parents, but was born here in Egypt. He was the Mexican war.

We had our first frost here on the 20th inst., and the nights now are quite cool. Many of your readers, living in warm houses, and sleeping in soft beds, even if they have no dear friends in the army, would like to know how the soldiers get along nights in their tents. I asked the soldiers about this, and some of them said they suffered because they had no blankets, but these have been supplied within a few days. Some, who are not very strong, and who have blankets, said it went rather tough, for the cold air came through the tent, and they had not straw enough. But those who are full of life and spirit said they got along well. When cold weather comes—and the nights in this latitude are very damp and chilly—each soldier is to have a pair of blankets which are large enough to cover two. These will give them four thickness, and when they add their greatcoats, they will have a plenty of covering. Their every-day clothing is exceedingly good, well made, and looks well. There is an impression abroad that many of the soldiers here have the ague. They do have it some, but they have the measles more; not the "camp measles," for there is no such disease, but the kind we are all acquainted with. The Sanitary Board are directing, as a remedy and preventive, that the tents, the ground-floor of which accumulates filth and moisture, be moved a short distance to fresh localities. I notice that several new recruits, who have come from places two or three hundred miles North, have just recovered from the ague, having had it all summer at home.

I have just been informed of another infamous outrage. Two brothers, Irishmen, unmarried and named Blanford, owned a farm and a steam saw-mill beyond Charlestown, Mo., something over twenty miles from this place. They were out with their dogs a few nights since, hunting racoon in their corn, and having driven their prey up a tree, were preparing to shoot it, when a party of Rebels stealing upon them, shot them both. One died immediately, the other, shot through the shoulder-blades and chest, may recover. No supposable cause for such a cowardly act can exist, except their being strong Union men. Such deeds are done by scores every day on either side of us. The annals of savage warfare, only, show us acts similar in atrocity—but in no age, savage or civilized, have men engaged in war with such shallow pretences; shallow in this, that they protested, both in Missouri and Kentucky, against fighting sister States, and now they have turned round and are fighting against their own State, and making desolate the places of their birth! Wicked men and wicked nations have flourished for a time, but their end—their dreadful end—has been one of infamy and ruin.

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I have taken pains to talk to many soldiers on this subject, and as it is a vital point, I will briefly state what they give me as their sentiments. And I find their expressions uniform, no matter whether they voted for Lincoln, Douglas, Bell, or even Breckinridge. They say they do not want the negroes liberated among us. On this point they are emphatic and warm, and they add, "Let them stay where they are." Of course the reply is that no one North opposes this arrangement, and the real question is, "What will you soldiers do, rather than see the Government broken up?" They say, without considering the difficulties, "The negroes ought to be carried out of the country," and add, "America is for white men, and not for negroes." By such replies, it is seen that their minds are not yet settled upon any solution, and they must be asked the question again. At last—and they are no more backward, I believe, than well-informed men—they come out and say that this Government is worth more than all the negroes that ever did or ever will live.

Yesterday I conversed with a native-born Kentuckian, who told me his sad story. He had lived several years in Indiana, was a mechanic, came to Cairo four or five years ago, and two years since went out on the Fulton and Cairo Railroad, Mo., eighteen miles from Bird's Point, built a steam saw-mill, and started the town of Blandville, indeed, built most of the houses there, and it is, or was, a thriving little place. When the troubles commenced he was threatened by the rebels, still he planted corn largely, determined to keep business going, but upon the issue of the proclamation of Pillow—ungrateful traitor! he was obliged to leave, and when they came into the house, by the front door, to seize him, he escaped by the back door, not daring to take his dogs along with him, for fear of being caught with them, but left them with his wife, and he directed her to bring her children and what goods his teams could haul, to the river. He did not tell how they escaped, but escape they did with nothing but their clothes on their backs, and they went into an empty room in Cairo, having, of all their possessions, only a single half dollar. To this day he has not dared to return, and all is lost. By borrowing, and by credit, he got together a few housekeeping articles, and he supports himself by doing odd jobs in his line of work, but mostly by peddling vegetables to the soldiers. He offered to enlist for a soldier, but, owing to a slight bodily defect, he was not received. Still, he declares that whenever our troops meet the rebels in battle he is going to seek the thickest of the fight. Evidently, he is one of those who help Time

"To make all things even."

Last evening I attended the dress-parade of John A. Logan's regiment. Almost everybody knows that John is the darling of Southern Illinois, and though he is the youngest member in Congress, he has been twice elected. The gun was setting in, unclouded splendor as I came to his tent, where he and his family were the rest of his men, and he never sleeps out of camp. In his fatigues dress I scarcely recognized him, and while his soldiers were coming forth we had a little chat on the past and present. Only about half of his men were mustered, because Government has not yet supplied them with arms, of which he makes complaint, and he is obliged to drill them alternately. It is scarcely two months

that they have been in camp, and yet the order to "which he has brought them is remarkable, for none of his officers except his lieutenant had ever seen service. While they were going through their exercises, and displayed that important military requisite, order, I reflected how order has been declined, and how much Swedenborg speaks of it. As Col. Logan stood before his regiment, I could not but remember some of his speeches in Congress—how he attacked the Republican party, and defended Douglas. For some time he stood perfectly still, while the band played several airs—all at once it struck up Yankee Doodle, then I saw his foot beat time, and I knew him to be a patriot—ambitions to sustain the power and fame of our Government. John descended of Irish parents, but was born here in Egypt. He was the Mexican war.

We had our first frost here on the 20th inst., and the nights now are quite cool. Many of your readers, living in warm houses, and sleeping in soft beds, even if they have no dear friends in the army, would like to know how the soldiers get along nights in their tents. I asked the soldiers about this, and some of them said they suffered because they had no blankets, but these have been supplied within a few days. Some, who are not very strong, and who have blankets, said it went rather tough, for the cold air came through the tent, and they had not straw enough. But those who are full of life and spirit said they got along well. When cold weather comes—and the nights in this latitude are very damp and chilly—each soldier is to have a pair of blankets which are large enough to cover two. These will give them four thickness, and when they add their greatcoats, they will have a plenty of covering. Their every-day clothing is exceedingly good, well made, and looks well. There is an impression abroad that many of the soldiers here have the ague. They do have it some, but they have the measles more; not the "camp measles," for there is no such disease, but the kind we are all acquainted with. The Sanitary Board are directing, as a remedy and preventive, that the tents, the ground-floor of which accumulates filth and moisture, be moved a short distance to fresh localities. I notice that several new recruits, who have come from places two or three hundred miles North, have just recovered from the ague, having had it all summer at home.

I have just been informed of another infamous outrage. Two brothers, Irishmen, unmarried and named Blanford, owned a farm and a steam saw-mill beyond Charlestown, Mo., something over twenty miles from this place. They were out with their dogs a few nights since, hunting racoon in their corn, and having driven their prey up a tree, were preparing to shoot it, when a party of Rebels stealing upon them, shot them both. One died immediately, the other, shot through the shoulder-blades and chest, may recover. No supposable cause for such a cowardly act can exist, except their being strong Union men. Such deeds are done by scores every day on either side of us. The annals of savage warfare, only, show us acts similar in atrocity—but in no age, savage or civilized, have men engaged in war with such shallow pretences; shallow in this, that they protested, both in Missouri and Kentucky, against fighting sister States, and now they have turned round and are fighting against their own State, and making desolate the places of their birth! Wicked men and wicked nations have flourished for a time, but their end—their dreadful end—has been one of infamy and ruin.

FROM CAIRO.

**A Contraband and a Union Widow—What the Soldiers themselves think—A Sad Story—John A. Logan's Regiment—Soldiers of Frisky Nights—More Cowardly Murders.**

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CAMP CAIRO, Oct. 26, 1861.

A "contraband" came into Camp Holt, on the Kentucky shore, last night under the following circumstances: It seems that the slaveholders, both of Kentucky and Missouri, are rapidly disposing of their negroes to Southern traders, and any one sees that if this practice is long continued there will be little cause for difficulty in these States. This negro, learning that he was sold, and that this morning he was to start for "Alabama," by the directions of a friend, came to the camp-fires of our teamsters, and, on being hailed, said he was a Union man, when they took him in. The friend referred to is a widow woman living in Blandville, 20 miles distant, who, on account of her principles, has suffered all sorts of insults, and has been repeatedly robbed, and is now about to be driven from her home, where she has long lived comfortably, but, with a defiant spirit, she conferred secretly with this negro, and he secured her escape. Up to this date, however, I do not know how many—have come to our several camps. There has been no settled policy pursued concerning them. In many cases they have been given up to their masters, though well known to be Secessionists, while, in other cases, if the slaves were young and smart, the soldiers or officers kept them for their own use, but after a while they disappeared, I cannot tell whether, if ever there was a Gordian knot which the wit of man was bid to untie, this, concerning the whole question of Slavery, is one. When one puzzles himself about it he recalls to his mind the picture of the chariot and the uplifted sword.

relaxation to the four Americans, because they were acting under the authority of another Government. The citizens of the Confederate States are living under all the forms of a regularly constituted Government, and must obey the mandates of that Government, whether relating to service on the land or on the sea. We insist that Congress has no power to pass such a law as this, and the construction put upon it by our opponents is incorrect. The authority given to Congress is to define and punish piracy under the law of nations, and when they passed that act, I contend that the power was exhausted. It was fully defined in the 8th section, and Congress could not include further offenses within the definition. We claim that this is a usurpation of power on the part of Congress. To assert that an assault upon the high seas is the act of a person is piracy, is monstrous. The cases of Charles II. and Miranda will not subvert the purposes of this prosecution. If Jefferson Davis is to be regarded as a foreign power, then Capt. Baker is acting under that power, and if it is not a foreign power, then we cannot treat this prosecution under the charge of piracy. When these men were captured, they were entitled to be treated either as prisoners of war, or as traitors to their country. Treating them as pirates is not dignified, to say the least, and is unjust to them. The Government has not called them traitors, but they have been brought under this act of 1790, with a view of convicting them of piracy. If I understand this case, there is no proof of violence or putting in